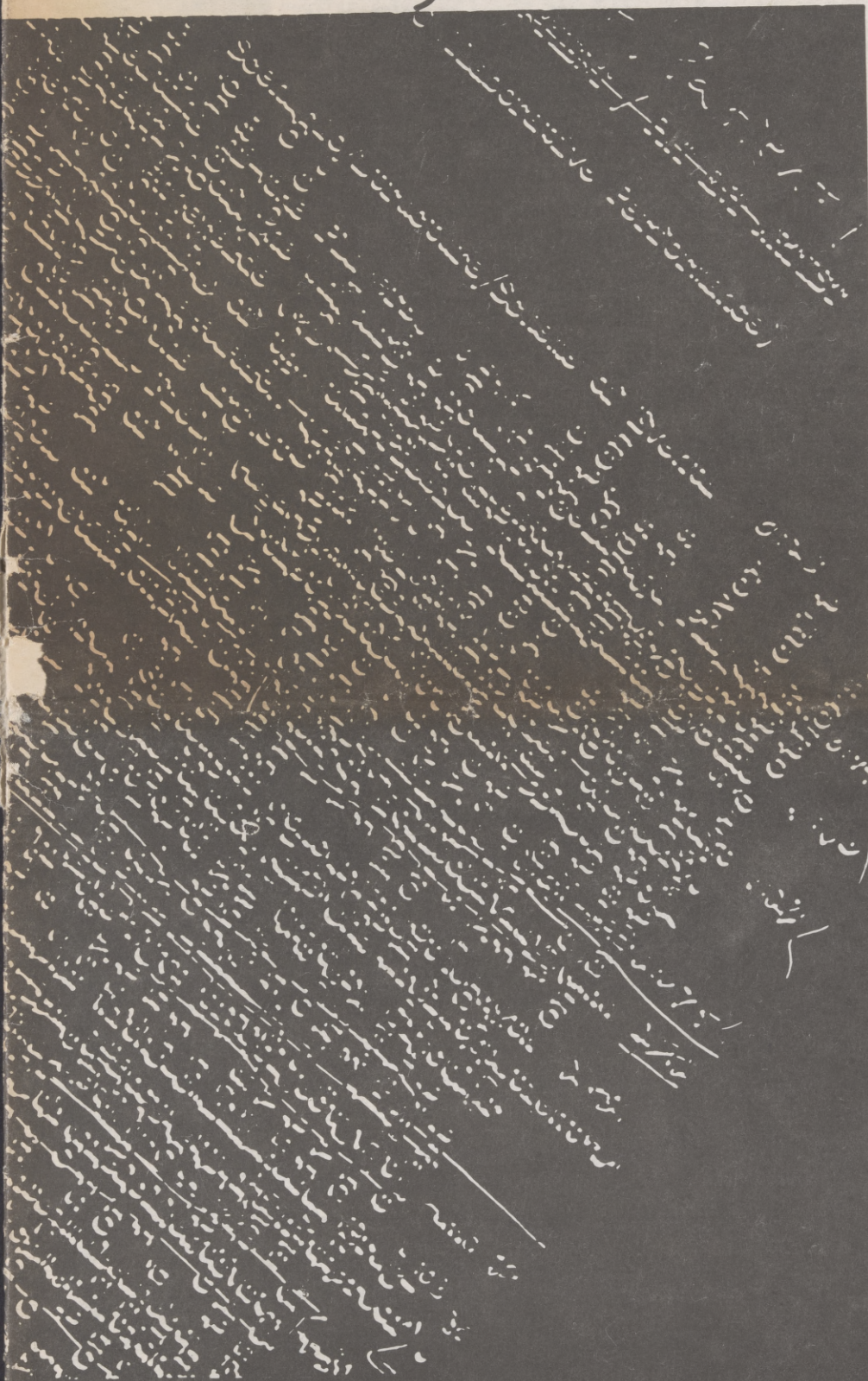


c. April 1981

STUCK/MAG



North of

045

c. 4-1981

THE END OF SCIENCE I've been watching you ever since you moved in-you are the most interesting on the block-I think of this as my block-I watch you mostly through your windows-you'd be amazed at the variety of people who either don't have curtains or don't use them-I mean, if it's a certain type, you'd be amazed at the variety within that type-but let's talk about you-that is after all my purpose for writing-you have a certain awareness of consciousness that almost implies my presence-as if you wouldn't be there or at least wouldn't enjoy being there as much if I weren't there-our relationship is richer for that-some would rather deny my presence-even though you don't know me-like times when you're undressing with your boyfriend and you wave at the window-and would rather not think that I'm there at all - you acknowledge my presence-Although its true that I fantasize my memories, when we are actually in contact, there is only that contact, and it is timeless-I feel at one with you-there is a connection beyond physical contact-which, of course, has never happened-there is even a semblance of this same link when I fantasize though it is clouded by an artificial desire-we need never touch-you need never read this-there can never be more or less than what is-I am a pragmatist-when what is science proves that what was distance is illusion, no one will know the difference.

20 PAWTUCKET (Rhode Island) TIMES, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1974

Inquiring Mind

How Can You Tell When Spring Has Sprung?



ROBIN MATOIAN enough to go to the zoo. Capron Park. It's always closed though.
KIM REDDINGTON, 15, 70 Barberry Drive, Seekonk: "It smells good outside. It's serious. You know, what I mean, like fresh air."
BRAD ROBERTS, 16, 43 Talbot Way, Seekonk: "It's an attitude that you take, also a certain feeling comes over you. You just feel different, of doing things outside and going outside. Even school work, you feel like you want to get it over with and go outside."
DAVID THURSTON, 18, 783 Great Road, Lincoln: "I get a funny feeling inside my stomach. I want to get out and move around."
BILL LANNON, 15, 25 North Bend St., Pawtucket: "Warm weather. You know, spring sports. Baseball, track, stuff like that."
IRENE AMBEAULT, 17, 77 Broad St., Cumberland: "When it rains. Warm rains. When it rains you know spring can't be far."

THE INQUIRING MIND

Every day I watch for some event or image-something that stirs my blood or could potentially-at least one-one that grabs me by the balls-the way I grab it-make it my own-take it home and re-create it-fertilize it make it grow expand till its a whole revolution in my body-till it fills all the space in the general vicinity of my body-and if I don't find one its only because I don't need one-I don't need you there's a hundred situations more vital-I am always watching-provocateering-I need you all for that(or then all-all them windows I'll pull you from behind-and into, into, down into my room-that is, I take you inside me as memory-like a nail clipping or tuft of hair-that I can propagate-breathe life into talk to make warm make love to(I'm talking to you now-I wouldnt call it telepathy because I've always understood that to be two way-but)you're not aware that you're with me now here naked. This is how K.C. talks

to Wendy and Brenda Donna "Rose and Deseree and all of them:in spurts.Short bursts separated by some sounds groans and sighs etc.but mostly no sounds:extra-sensory-when he beats off his extra-sensory conception is very active.He says to his shrink:"But its not fantasy-I know it is not in the cards to actually be erotic with them but I can make just as strong if not stronger bond without because I can actually speak without words hmo, sound, though it is not actually language as you know it." Dr. Friedman says baloney in nearly as few words:"Were you touched as a child?" K. is co-operative:"When I am cleaning these womens houses(that is his job)they all remind me

of my mother.I hardly ever see them they are never home-when I go into their bedrooms they all have under wear-and perfume bottles grouped together-and pictures of loved ones.I imagine they caress their children very lovingly.I am touched by that" Dr. Friedman has pictures of Big Sur and Peru in weaving.K.C. is not touched by that.His wife says"why does your collar smell like perfume?" He says that he has not been touching another woman."Who is she?" "You are the only one" He is secretive. I am writing this to you because it is not enough to see you there or even conjure your presence because there is no guarantee that you'll see me - sight and sound are relative Only movement connects.My moves,our

moves,are here.This is it-not ours or even one thing(as in there it is (only there is(isness))I will probably always have these desires for other men-its like an addiction." "We differ in that respect-I live more in the inner world" Dr. F.: "K. exhibits the extremity of voyeuristic involvement.His history of repression and resultant alienation has led to inversion.A well adjusted individual participates in the general consensus that society is "out there" and though he is part of it,he maintains a healthy distance from anything disruptive, relying on the cops to maintain the status quo.K. has distanced himself from society to such an extent that, in order to avert complete solipsism(catatonia),he has created a society of his own design.A n imaginary world if you will,composed of bits and pieces of the real world. When he watches people,through windows especially,he is totally absorbed and actively involved in the activity behind the window.He is simultaneously moving himself inside and it outside." In his words:There is no it...(anymore) or them,there is only me,and everything around me.In other words,he perceives at once unity and discreteness".

K.'s wife,w/ heavy heart,confesses, "I WILL BE HOME LATE" K. responds w/ a penetrating though yielding glance "I'm going over to so&so's after work" She says it quickly in a halfhearted attempt at conferring a businesslike tone to her rendezvous.K. FEELS PANIC in a grip not unlike nausea... I AM WATCHING YOU AS DISPASSIONATELY AS I WATCH MY HEART SINK INTO ITSELF, ALL THE WHILE PUMPING FASTER AND FASTER FIGHTING THE SUCTION THAT WOULD TURN IT INSIDE OUT,AS DISPASSIONATELY AS THE HORIZON SWALLOWS THE RESTLESS MOON.I WATCH BECAUSE YOU ARE ALIVE AND YOUR DESIRE IS ONLY TO LIVE A LIFE WHICH IN ME IS DARKENED BY THE SHADOW OF ISOLATION,MY OWN SHADOW. I WATCH YOU FROM THE DARKNESS, YOU ARE INVIOLENT IN YOUR BRIGHTLY LIT ROOMS, YOU CAN'T SEE ME BUT CAN YOU FEEL MY LONGING,MY LONGING TO TOUCH YOU IN SOME WAY THAT WON'T UNDERMINE YOUR BRIGHT WORLD?FOR W/O YOU I WOULD DIE,CAN'T YOU AT LEAST SEE THAT IT IS LIKEWISE ME THAT GIVES YOUR LIFE FORM?



Another time:K.C. & Deseree are having a party.K.C. is as close to drunk,he says, as he cares to get. Deseree makes it clear that she resents that:"I know at least five other men who don't stink like booze who are at least clean-shaven that would be more than happy to show me some affection & w/ no strings attached". K.: "I am unclear & drag the smile off your pretty face

I want to get out and move around
words look so cute if they
are together and contained
they are faces w/o soul

He thinks theres an answer
he thinks the answer lies in knowledge
he thinks theres a solution
he thinks so thinks he... and
he thinks some more
he thinks THIS IS WRONG
THERES NO SUCH THING
the house is gone the windows gone
its just you and me here
and I say: so tell me
about creating your own world
and how do I fit in
I must fit in or I wouldn't be here
Now would I
- or am I -
creating you - or is it
mutual?

I guess I agree
that that could've been
a window that there
may be a house
But I can't help that
wondering
who cares
besides me or even
about me for that matter
through me - it moves
through me and I carry it
with me and I think not
who cares but
what is it?
an object, the object is to make
an object out of it
that is that
which cannot be named

we know it moves
and can be contained
and thus defies definition:
how can a point (contained)
move?
At this point
he thinks there's an answer
at this point
point in time
don't forget that matter
the object is to make
it matter
MAKE THIS
POINT IN
TIME
MATTER

MOVE THE END OF SCIENCE

copyright Mrl
S. Thurston

There is
the end of R is

like a powerfull magnet."D.: "You are a warm and compassionate sensitivity but fact is I need some manly cologne to rub up against."

K.C. watches her put on lipstick, place a light kiss on his mouth and leave. "Some party-I am so alone" He drives to the city, then circles for 1 hr. looking for parking.

"Maybe I will find someone I know in these cafes" Drinks one coffee & drives to the beach. There is no wind to speak of. White lines, white caps, are lining up horizontally & each spreads from a central pt. into his peripheral vision. There are never more than three lines. I'll wait till there are four then leave. That will mean the tide is coming in. At four he changes it to five. This is good, I need more weather-it flows through me. Oh yea...there is the spot that Desiree fucked another man & became pregnant. "Why did you go there if you knew it would only make you feel more alone?" asks Rose later at a cafe. All of a sudden a hard rain began to fall. "The more alone I feel the closer I get to myself, the heavier I feel, the more concentrated focused, intense, purposefull, no bullshit. Next to love, this is the closest I get to enduring. Love is stronger but more ephemeral. When I'm alone, y'know, all this relation ship stuff-I just watch us or more often watch her zipping into passion so quick, and I'm so heavy that comparatively she's about two feet off the ground, zipping around, changing direction what seems to be very frequently, only because I'm so heavy that time moves slower-not that I'm necessarily moving slower-in fact, I just have longer legs-I can see her moves before she gets

she gets there, in other words: predict probabilities. I see her bounce off me, move away and into other relationships-I am alone again, and more independent, which is scary because I know I need someone or will need, but now I am gathering strength & becoming so solid that I turn myself inside out, expand again, extend myself to include other people. Viscous cycle? Maybe, but I'm always doing this to some degree. When I'm alone when time at once slows down & spreads out around me, in pieces, like lit windows isolated in the darkness, each activated by the gesture they release, I feel solid-focused enough to move into any of them, and pull them, moving, into me-so in a way, I am always expanding/contracting-the quality of the act depends on my level of isolation. Memory: another time, or any time, is no longer dependent upon the space in which it happens (an isolated perception), on the contrary, the act, excised from memory (or any tense) can be realised in any space. the fact that I (we) choose this one is to our mutual benefit, amazingly synchronous. Look, the rain's gone-does it bother you that I look through your window?"

"Not really. I think you've intellectualized it so much that you couldn't do anything that might scare me."

"You may be right."

"Do I turn you on?"

"I suppose you could put it that way yes."

"Fate?"

"No, desire."

K.C. & Rose are having a party. they are high on coke, & it feels good when Rose presses hard into K.C.'s numbed mouth. The numbness necessitates extremities of sensation. They tense & relax beautifully. Fully expanded, their skins are stretched full, vibrating. these are our limets but every cm. is exposed & registering sensation from the surroundings-so that actually, they're filling the room. When we fucked we felt like gods. all this power. When Rose left me a big hole opened up inside. That's when I first really seriously considered shipping out. I got on this tanker. That was a year & 1/2 ago. We were in the Mediterranean mostly, seeing the American military ships. It so happened that I saw mostly fairly young whores in Italy-15-16 yrs. old, that's when I sent that post card, of that young girl wearing lipstick on the beach. I was doing a lot of writing. Then I met two German girls, we stuck together for three days, not talking but w/ complete understanding in our eyes. Have you seen Rose? I still love her you know? "She moved to California" K.C., nonplussed, lit a cigaret. It is the present, and he is alone on the beach again, remembering a line that John R. wrote from Genoa-"a glance (of a girl) so perfect in its intent on the thing it sees, I see thousands of still-lives that gather in my mind. All in motion around me" And then later, from Jeddah-"again, I am under the influence of the sun" Inseparable from this, and yet its reverse, a painting-two lovers, holding a book under white sky and benevolent sun-they look so contentedly at each other, as if they have momentarily forgotten the book and the temple in the background, timeless, suspended there but for the grace of Cain: I am not timeless. No way.

He lit another cigaret and left the beach. Two cops watched him for an uncomfortably long time as he walked toward the car. "Empty the statues' eyes like the eyes of the marble-cold Roman women whose voyeuristic parties reflected the passions of a dying culture" When Desiree read this Boll passage she immediately thought of K.C., thought of him as a victim, longed to tell him, make him understand that her love for him was the most powerfull thing she had ever felt. "He just doesn't believe me" she was telling Rose, "he trusts no one" "hm" "Especially when he draws into him self-for whatever reasons-I get the impression he feels somehow omnipotent in his self imposed exile. I guess he needs that. And when he

comes back, he's more open. That's when he believes and trusts. He gets burned out on soul-searching and trying to understand. He's actually very rhythmic in the way his distance moves. Up and down. Closer to farther. Was it that way w/ you Rose? Why did you two split up?"

"I couldn't handle it when he with drew-so he'd get vehement about it-and he couldn't handle other men." They went for a walk. It was late and from the side streets the city noises sounded in the distance, a muted rushing noise. Desiree said, "so this is California"

End of the rainy season" The full moon and city lights lit huge clouds in precise definition against the dark space behind them. The warm breeze lifted Rose's hair in waves of reciprocal motion. "K.C. is such a softy, I think he'd like it here. Cold weather really brings him down" Desiree is spacing out- "But I don't know what we'd do without those tight nights by the fire. Life is too easy here. I need more weather"

CLEAN HOLES

STUCK/MAG

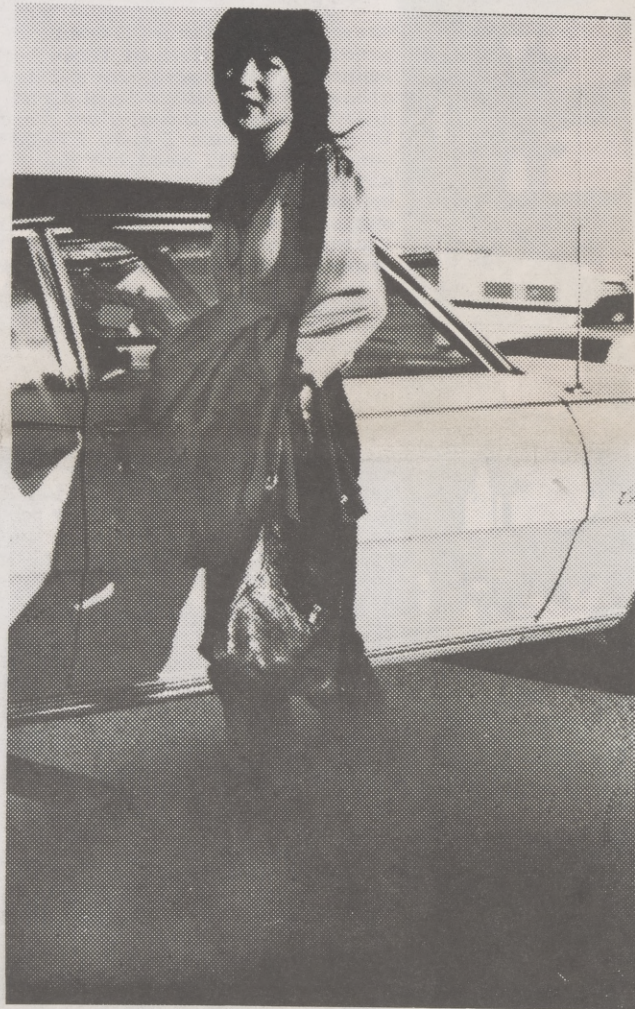
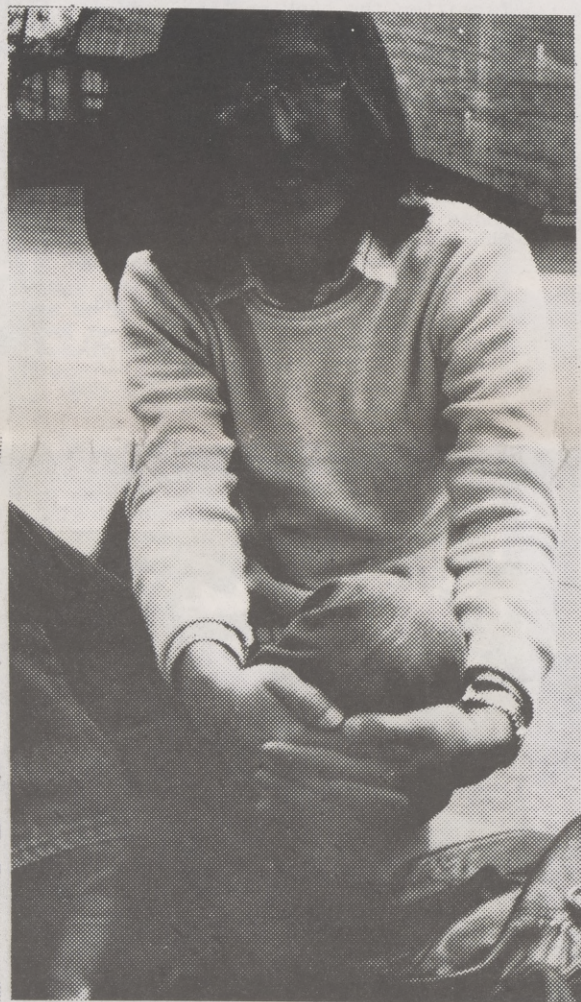
CHARTER SERVICE

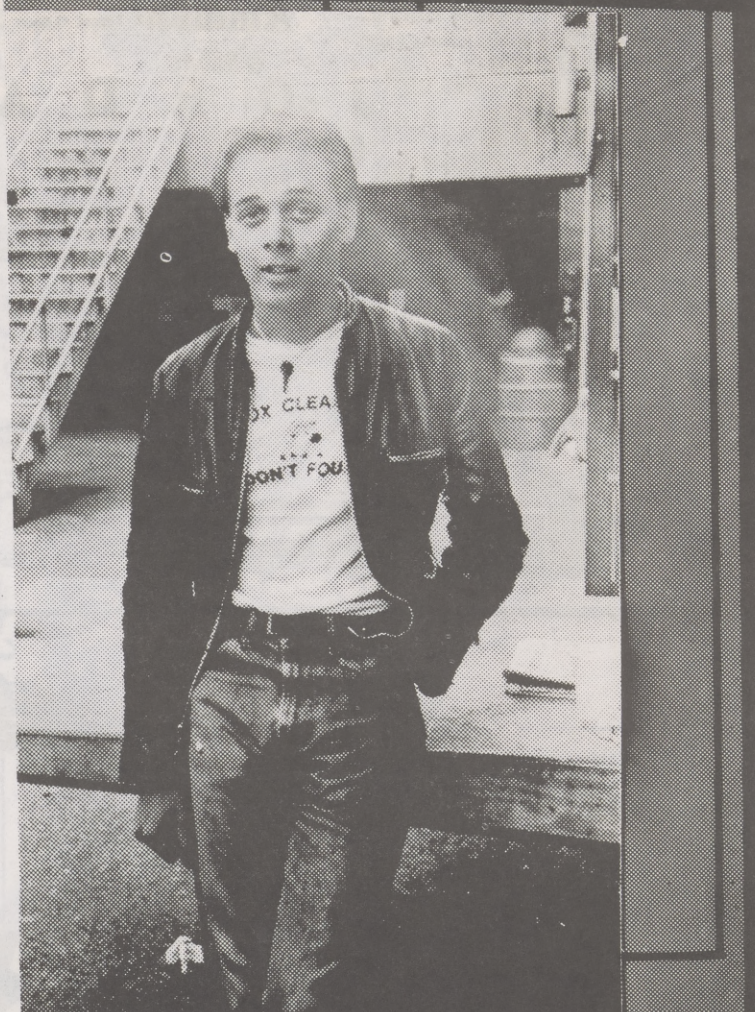
P.O. 26648

S.F. 94129

Production coordinated by Daniel Loeb and Kathy Acker

11





THE TOOT SHUDDERS AND DIES...

Clarification

"What we give the students is love and cookies."

Cookies can be revelations.

Love speaks for itself.

Love and cookies beats hell out of hard times and bullshit.

With this in mind, I'd like to add that the quote was given without context and was presented irresponsibly. By itself, it becomes a slap in the face of all students. I don't remember saying it and I hope this statement will serve to correct any other misunderstandings. I am an instructor here, I have responsibilities, and I am in the service of this school.

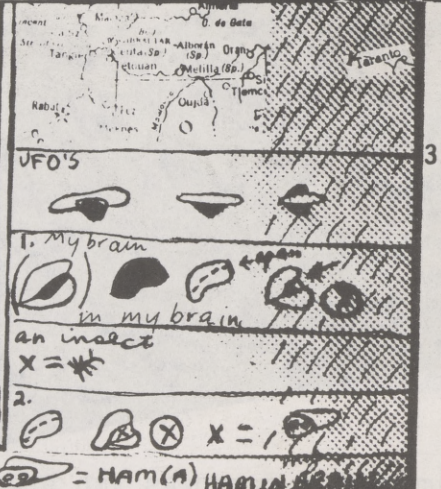
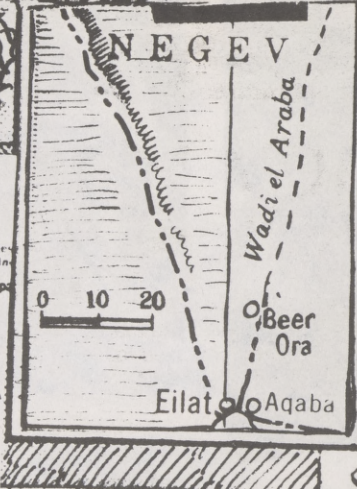
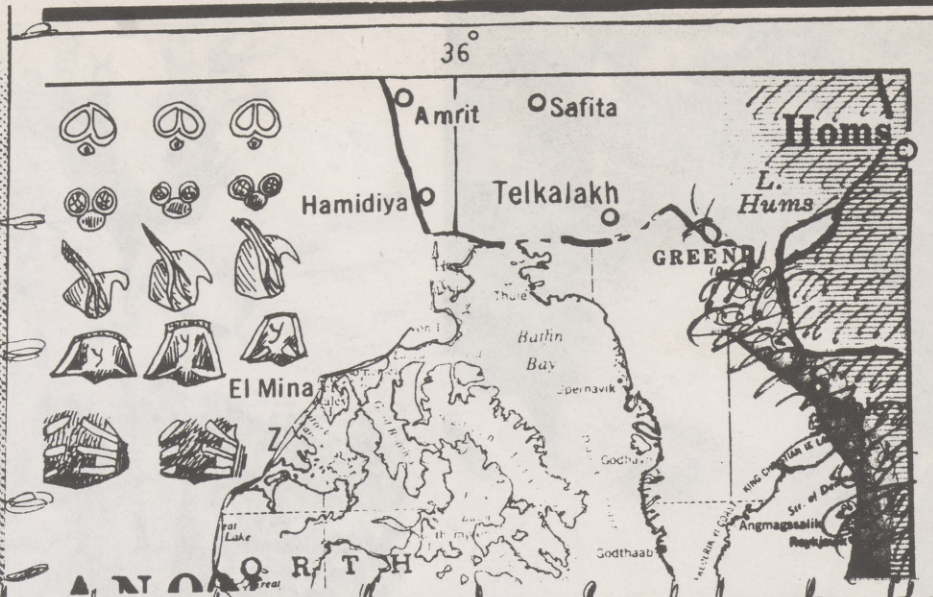
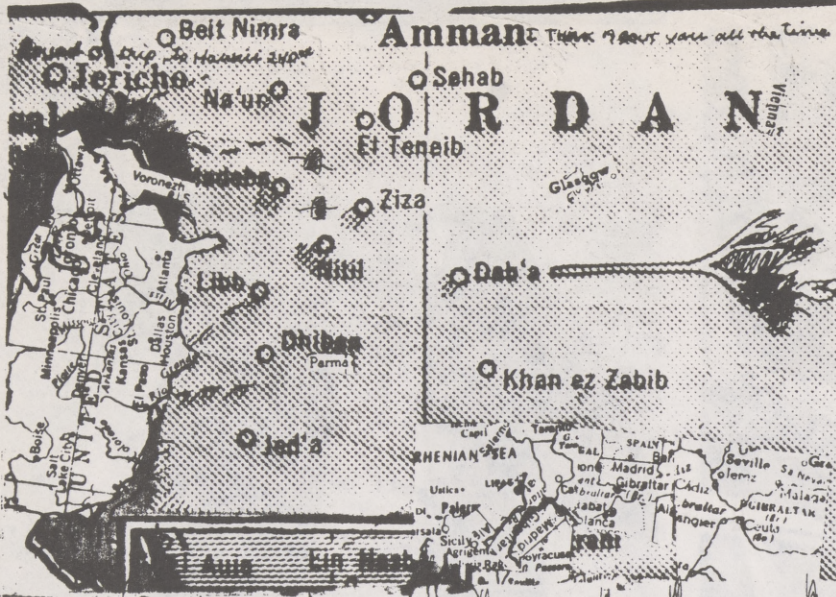
Sincerely,

Carlos Villa

Here's another version of printed student media at the Art Institute. I'd like to announce that the organization for next year is wide open to any interested group of Institute students. I will organize an initial meeting, and will be available to pass on whatever elements of our organization may be useful. As has been the case this semester, some workers will be able to earn work-study wages at the paper, and we are proposing a group independent study where committed individuals may be able to earn course credit.

I'd like to thank Dick Graf, the print department, public relations, and others around the school who facilitated our efforts this year.

Daniel Loeb



Hi. Wanna be in a movie. No fuck you. (She) Hi you want me to be in your movie? No. Fuck you. What do you know about World Politics anyway. NOT violent situations really doesn't n Hallmark card. to believe what DIXIE COWHAN are really beautiful

for of fa the subject ing the bus iron. How m is a lot of nd I don't

we've been there in ultra king no lets see it SANTANNA SCOWA know? Its even hard Skies who was ps

(Resurrection scene)

video how?

video who? Marilyn Monroe man on the street home a little T.V. 1000's on drugs distraction story noon communication cable PAUSE food you'll see vito accounti document night hear lie war to know on T.V. Ronald live Joke at and a A in a car party observation

video what? observation in a car party a little T.V. 1000's on drugs distraction story noon communication cable PAUSE food you'll see vito accounti document night hear lie war to know on T.V. Ronald live Joke at and a A in a car party observation

video where? A and a Joke at live Ronald story noon communication cable PAUSE food you'll see vito accounti document night hear lie war to know on T.V. Ronald live Joke at and a A in a car party observation

video when? to know on T.V. Ronald live Joke at and a A in a car party observation

video why? lie hear document night hear lie war to know on T.V. Ronald live Joke at and a A in a car party observation

video how? you'll see vito accounti document night hear lie war to know on T.V. Ronald live Joke at and a A in a car party observation

DEATH IN THE MEDIA

THEIR EAT

We
Prosecute
All
Shoplifters

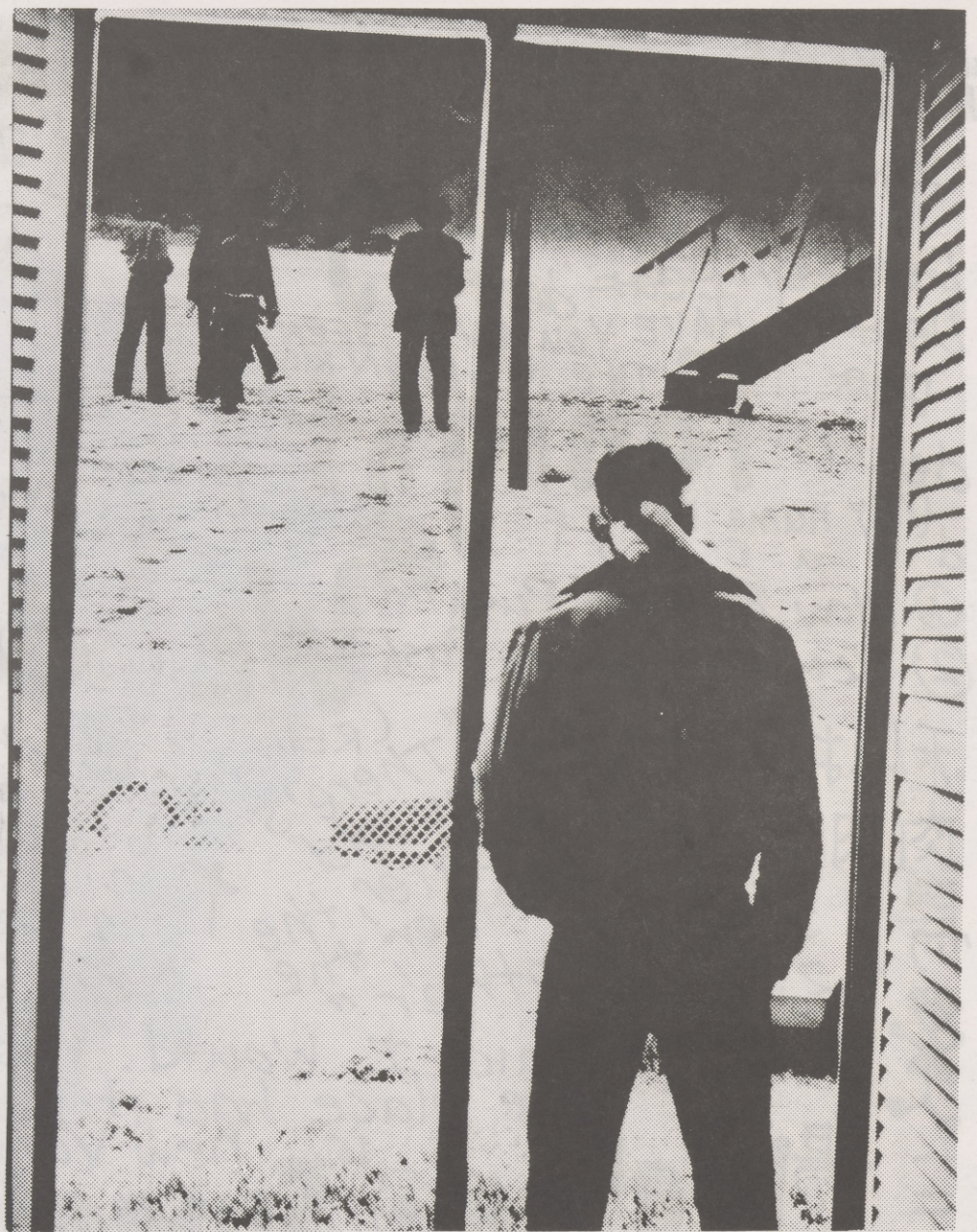
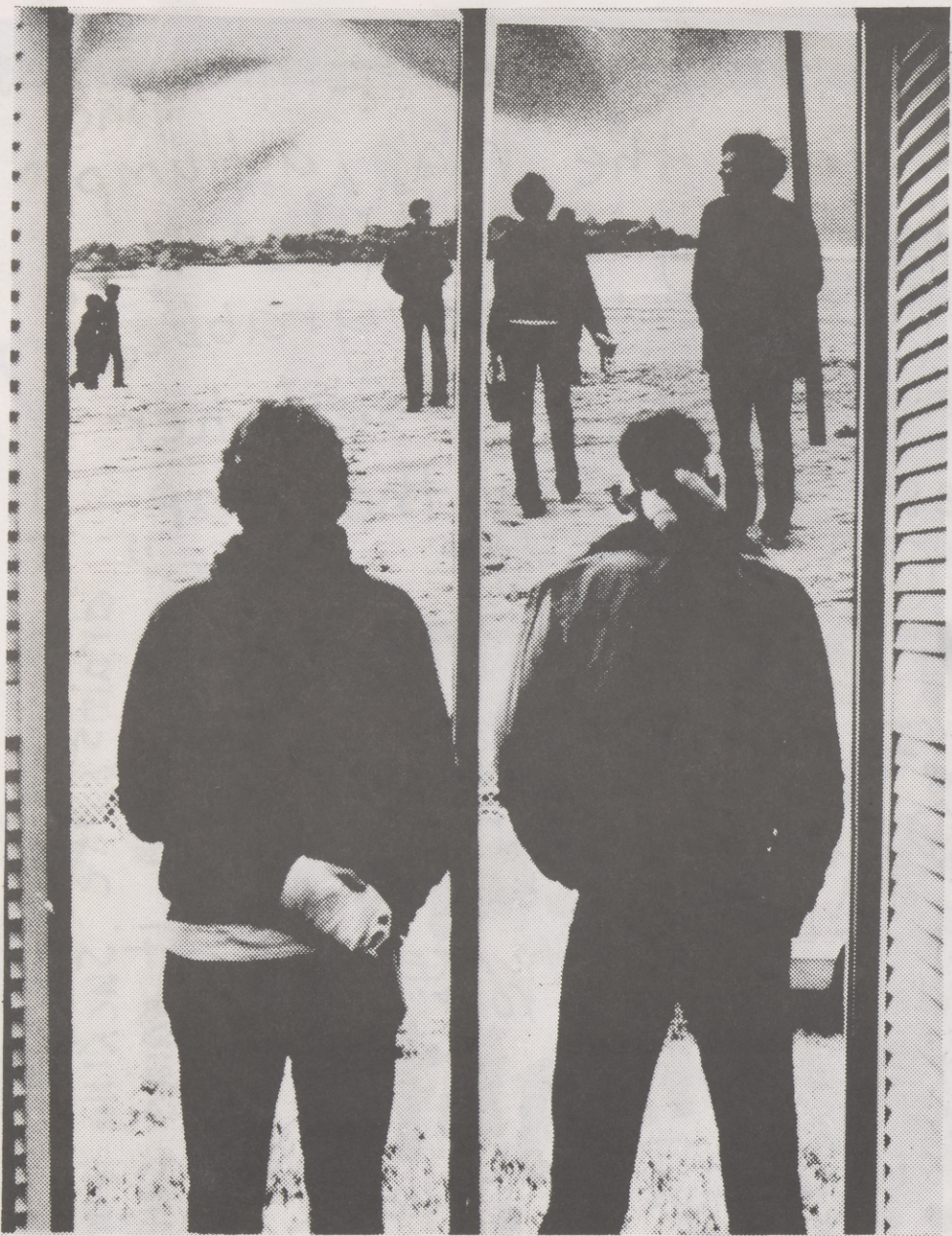




Dear George,



Love,
Reza



Dreams are for idiots.

He would learn to equate that
voice with a dream.

I found him there today, nineteen years ago, today.
Huddled in a green hooded sweatshirt against the cold.
Three years old, already alone. His mother grew grey
before her time.

A voice would sit with him, tell him funny things,
promise to stay.

Promotional Device

Box 69250
L.A. CA 90069

March 17 1981

Dear Dale Hoyt..

That's a great typewriter you got there.

I liked your letter a lot. And would like to accept

your invitation to listen to you and drink beer and all.

Like you, I'm broke at the end of every month..no problem,

but it does keep me from sending my jet plane up to fly

you all down--which I think I should be able to do.

Anyway, I'm going to be in San Francisco in May--

I think I'm repeating those gigs at the Stones.

So let's get together then. Send me your phone number.

Is 1016 the address of the club.

I want to hear about your legacy of anger. Jeez I thought

the Moral Majority controlled that. Me, I'm delighted

watching the old system stew and steam and cram together

and heat up--ready ffor the wonderful explsion into space.

I can't wait to hear what you are thinking. I'll phone you

ahead--so we can arrange a celebration at CLUB GENERIC.

Timothy Leary

P.S. Who is Dale Carnegie?

L G O (Life goes on)

Remember when I cried for you
now I smile when I think of you
don't want cha' back
but I'll never give up
that memory.
Time is turned on
you were once my only one
now I think of you
dream of you
havin' a thought of me
Lovin you
love ya then, love ya now
Love Goes On, L G O

DRUGS ON PURPOSE

Let's get
lost in our
thoughts.
Let's leave
reality for
a week.
Let's bring back
a souvenir,
A skar in our
hearts.
A cheer from
heaven
for earthly ears.

Claire Merrill ©1981

I SAID

I said
Let me
stay
or
kill me
or
let me
go.
Well he
let me
stay
and
killed me
and
let me
go.



GO

Away

